

Dreads Number Thirteen.

He is young, ambitious, has a bank account and a wife. This might be regarded as a desirable combination of good things. He also has a shuddering abhorrence of the number thirteen. His ancestral tree has many branches, mostly of a Milesian origin, and hence it is that the fateful number possesses so much of repugnance for him.

"Holy mackerel," he shouted, as he tore over to his waiting teller. "Here give me my stuff. Heavens, just think of it! I have been putting my cash in a bank that has thirteen windows for tellers. Here I want to check out my balance. Just tell me what it is and I'll write the check."

"Not afraid of thirteen, are you?" asked the teller. "No; I don't care how many dinners I sit down to with that number of people present, but when I think of putting my hard-earned dollars in a bank with that hoodoo number it makes me cold. Here, give up the coin and let me out before I lose it in a rate hole or some other old place."

Well, he got his money and started for the nearest door with it. As he reached the door a policeman entered and blocked the way so that the man could not pass. He glanced up at the stalwart form in disgust, and was horrified to see the number thirteen blazoned on the officer's star.

"It's no use," he muttered, as he turned back and made out a deposit check. "Take it back. If I carry that dough out on the street I'll get run over by engine No. 13, or lose the wad. I guess I'll have to chance it here."

And then he passed out, looking furtively about him for more evidence of the presence of his enemy.

Joked With John L.

The air is full of talk about pugilism, and a Chicago story regarding John L. Sullivan may be excused.

When Sullivan was in his prime and was supposed to be the invin-

cible champion of the universe, he came to Chicago to play an engagement. Nat Goodwin was playing here at the same time. Goodwin, like every other man with a drop of sporting blood in his veins, admired Sullivan. He knew him very well, as the great actor and the great pugilist both came from Boston.

Sullivan was standing near a fancy bar at one of the hotels, when Goodwin entered. The usual circle of admirers were at a safe distance from the mighty warrior admiring him in awe-stricken silence. Goodwin pretended not to recognize Sullivan. He strolled over to the bar, and asked, in a loud voice: "Who is that big duffer?"

"Sh-h-h! That's John L. Sullivan," said the bartender. "Well, what do I care?" demanded the actor, and with that he walked over and brushed against the fighter.

Sullivan glared down at Goodwin and roared:

"Say, who are you pushin'?" "Oh, keep still, you big bluff," replied Goodwin.

Two or three of the spectators fainted, and others pushed forward to save the actor's life. Before they could interfere Goodwin was driving right and left at the "big fellow," who was backing away, apparently frightened out of his wits. Most of the people who had been looking on ran for their lives, and never came back to find out that it was all a joke.

It is said that Goodwin made a practice to assault Sullivan whenever he saw him, and the big fighter thought it was the funniest thing the comedian ever did.—Saturday Blade.

The group in the grocery store had been discussing the weather, when the "oldest inhabitant" leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes reminiscently, and said: "Talk about cold weather, why, what we're havin' now is a regular southern springtime alongside of the winter of '97. Cold? Well, I'll just tell you how cold it was. A cousin of mine named Jed Perkins tried to go from his house to the barn, an' when he got back he was froze so stiff he couldn't bend enough to sit down. Fact, gentlemen. But Jed was always a money makin' cuss, an' what did he do but hire out to a big museum as an 'ossified man.' An' he made \$9 a week 'till way' long in the spring, when the warm weather thawed him out an' poor Jed had to go to work again. About that time I bo't a new thermometer, an' the first night I hung it out the most amazin' thing happened I ever herd tell of. Gentlemen, when I went out to look at that thermometer the next morning I found it a foot longer than when I bought it. Yes, gentlemen, the mercury had to go so low that night it jus' pulled the bulb clear down out of shape. The next night" but as the oldest inhabitant looked a round he saw that his audience had melted away, with the exception of the store cat, and even she was looking at him in a suspicious and reproachful manner.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Invent your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write John W. Wilson, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C., for free \$1.00 plan and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Unemployed men and women to the number of several hundred held a meeting at Chicago recently, at which they launched a declaration of independence against "King Plutocracy" in Chicago and adopted resolutions against paying rent except at the option of the tenant.

The call for the meeting stated there were perhaps 100,000 unemployed men and women in Chicago and the chief purpose of the gathering as announced was to verify the approximate number of those out of work and bring their condition to the attention of the proper authorities.

The citizens of Fitzgerald, Ga., according to the Douglas Breeze, have success in capturing the cunning rabbits by sawing logs into pieces, painting a round place in the ends of these logs black and placing them conspicuously around the broom straw patches, then they gave chase to the rabbits, who invariably break their necks by butting the ends of these logs, mistaking them for hollow logs.

COUGHS and COLDS

Ely's PINEOLA BALM is a sure Remedy for coughs, colds, sore throat and for asthma. It soothes, quickly abates the cough, and renders expectoration easy. Consumptives will invariably derive benefit from its use. Many who suppose their cases to be consumption are only suffering from a chronic cold or deep seated cough, often aggravated by catarrh. For catarrh use Ely's Cream Balm. Both remedies are pleasant to use. Cream Balm, 50 cts. per bottle; Pineola Balm, 75c. Sold by Druggists. ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York.

Consumption AND ITS CURE

TO THE EDITOR—I have an remedy for Consumption. By its timely use the hundreds of hopeless cases have been already permanently cured. So proof-positive am I in its power that I consider it my duty to send two bottles free to those of your readers who have Consumption, Throat, Bronchial or Lung Trouble, if they will write me their express and postoffice address. Sincerely, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

PLANTING well begun is half done. Begin well by getting Ferry's Seeds. Don't let chance determine your crop, but plant Ferry's seeds. Known and sold everywhere. Before you plant, get Ferry's Seed Annual for 1908. Contains more practical information for farmers and gardeners than many high-priced text books. Mailed free. D. S. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

JOHN F. STRATTON'S CELEBRATED MANDOLINS, Importers of and Wholesale Dealers in all kinds of MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, 811, 813, 815, 817 East 9th St., New York. JOHN F. STRATTON'S Celebrated Band Instruments DRUMS, FIFES, Piccolos and Band Supplies. Send for Catalogue. JOHN F. STRATTON, 811, 813, 815, 817 E. 9th St., N. Y.

PATENTS Promptly secured. Trade-Marks, Copyrights and Labels registered. Twenty-five years experience. We report whether patent can be secured or not, free of charge. Our fee not due until patent is allowed. 32 page Patent Free-Book, H. B. WILSON & CO., Patent Attorneys, 1100 U. S. Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Durkee's Baking Powder.

ABSOLUTELY PURE. Is made in Baker City, and is a home production

BUY IT, and you will find it gives satisfaction. Keep your money at home, and build up home industries.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

HARNEY LIVERY STABLE.

ROBT. IRVING, Prop.

MAIN STREET,.....HARNEY,..... OREGON

Commodious, Convenient

Prineville—Burns Stage Company.

Stage leaves Burns every Monday and Thursday.

Good Accomodations.

FARE TO PRINEVILLE \$10.00.

MITH.....PR

W. W. JOHNSON,

Proprietor of the ELITE SALOON

BURNS - OREGON.

Keep constantly on hand a supply of fine Liquors and Cigars

—THEY HAVE ALSO—

A Fine MONACH Billiard Table.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Have Sold To Customers For 22 Years. Largest manufacturers in America selling this way. Subject to approval. Everything warranted. Write your own order. W. B. PRATT, Secretary, Elkhart, Ind.

MANHOOD RESTORED! NERVE SEEDS. Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Nervousness, all drains and loss of power in Generative Organs of either sex caused by over exertion, youthful errors, excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants, which lead to infirmity, consumption or insanity. Can be carried in vest pocket. \$1 per box, 4 for \$5, by mail prepaid. With \$5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold by all druggists. Ask for it, take no other. Write for Free Medical Book sent sealed in plain wrapper. Address NERVE SEED CO., Masouic Temple, CHICAGO. For sale in Burns, Ore., by H. M. HORTON, Druggist.

NERVE SEEDS FOR WEAK MEN This Famous Remedy cures quickly, permanently all nervous diseases, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Nervousness, all drains and loss of power in Generative Organs of either sex caused by over exertion, youthful errors, excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants, which lead to infirmity, consumption or insanity. Can be carried in vest pocket. \$1 per box, 4 for \$5, by mail prepaid. With \$5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold by all druggists. Ask for it, take no other. Write for Free Medical Book sent sealed in plain wrapper. Address NERVE SEED CO., Masouic Temple, CHICAGO. For sale in Burns, Ore., by H. M. HORTON, Druggist.